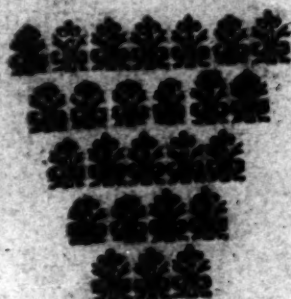


THE
ELECTION.

A Poem.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year 1701.

THE
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A Poem.

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LONDON,

Printed in the Year 1701.

The Election.

THE Day was come when all the Folk in
Furs,
From Sables, Ermins, to the Skins of
Curs,

In Great *Augusta's* Hall each other rub'd,
And made it but one common powdering Tub;
Where Sinners of a sort extremely lewd,
Their former Itch of Villany renew'd:
Shrowded in Furs, in native Malice wrapt;
If not in Reins, in Understanding clapt:
Came to sweat out their Venom 'gainst the State,
Old Feuds revive, and Mischiefs new create.
Ne're was that Hall so throng'd in days of yore,
Ne're were there seen such numerous Crouds before.

From End to End the warm Electors thrust,
 And move like Ants in heaps of Straw and Dust.
 Each busy Mortal does his Forces rally,
 And from one Nook to t'other Quarter sally.
 So close they press, with such inhumane twitches,
 The Civit Hogo did arise from Breeches,
 Which thro the Air increas'd into a Breeze,
 Made e'en the mighty Giants cough and freeze.
 Here a fat Spark could scarce his Tallow save,
 And there a Fool was jostl'd by a Knave.

The City Godmother amidst the Crowd,
 Was very talkative and very loud :
 A Pious Beldam in the days of yore,
 And Privy Counsellor to Sir J-- M--.
 She saw the Temper of the noisy Hall;
 And wept the Churches Stars that downwards fall.
 " Good God, says she, we fall again to War,
 " If we lose Briso, and our mighty Czar :
 " One damn'd the Charter in a former Reign,
 " And this with Whores fullfills his spacious Wain;
 " When will the Pious Times return again ?

" Poor

" Poor I, the City Sybil of Renown,
 " Am disrespected by the nauseous Town;
 " Of Innovations daily I complain,
 " But like *Cassandra* prophecy in vain.
 " Woman and Devil first contriv'd the Fall,
 " Which made Men Slaves, and even damn'd them
 all:
 " May I succeed in *Eve's* important place,
 " And damn this Whiggish and enormous Race.

When on the *Rastra*, as upon a Stage,
 The Candidates their Partizans engage;
 You'd think the Hall an Amphitheater,
 And these the furious Gladiators were.

First *Priso* mounts the Stage, and shews himself;
 The Crowd unanimous did hiss the Elf,
 And vow'd no Representative they'd have,
 Who to a Tyrant their old Charter gave.

Next him an *Infant* comes, a Babe of Grace,
 And steps into his abdicated Place;

Where

Where from his Throne he lisp'ing out aloud,
In Words like these bespoke the noisy Crowd.

“ You’re govern’d, Sirs, but by uncommon
Rules,
“ If you elect such men as are not Fools.
“ In hopes of this, this doubtful Stage I enter,
“ And at much Cost on an Election venture.
“ I hope you have read the Letter which I sent,
“ Design’d each silly Sot to circumvent.
“ Tho I’m a Child, my Parts are come to age,
“ And for my Sense the monied Men engage:
“ Both Kings and People have esteem’d it fit,
“ That those who have most Mony, have most Wit.
“ Men they are pleas’d with great and manly Toys,
“ But Baubles are the true delight of Boys.
“ I hate of Barons the renowned Tales,
“ And recommend you to the Prince of W---
“ Who in the Senate I will move to come
“ Into our Church from the curst See of Rome;
“ Where he shall hector like the Son of Priam,
“ And be as wise a Protestant as I am.

Where

Here

Here he put off his Hat, and made a scrape,
The Giants laugh'd to see the monstrous Ape:
And each wise Mortal did the Stage surround,
Thought they a Merry Andrew there had found;
Acting his part with a Jackpudding's Grace,
Scraping his Feet, and wringing Chops and Face;
Whining and screeking in an antick Note,
He only wanted a Jackpudding's Coat.

Then to the Crowd appear'd the mighty Czar,
From Venus Wars return'd without a Scar;
And that his Name might to the Crowd be known,
The City Stentor roar'd it from his Throne;
Which when they heard it thundering from afar,
Some op'd their Throats, and cry'd, A Czar, a Czar.
As some wise Huntsman does his Beagles hollow,
And all the Troop of Gallopers do follow:
So in the Confines of this spacious Room,
Some move by Envy, and by Instinct some;
Some are by Interest Knaves, by Nature Fools;
One damns himself, and his dull Neighbour gulls.

The *Czar*, thus rous'd by mighty Clamor, moves;
 Clamor, the only Musick which he loves,
 In which his boasted Virtue's only found,
 And's nothing else but a bare empty Sound.
 Mounted aloft, exalting Voice aloud,
 He thus bespoke the medly voting Crowd.

“ This City fam'd for Aldermen and Mayors,
 “ The best intrusted with the publick Cares,
 “ Wise and discreet, disint'rested and brave,
 “ Free from both Mixtures of the Fool and Knave;
 “ In former Ages have obtain'd Renown,
 “ Great as the Deeds our Ancestors have done.
 “ I, tho of mean descent, and void of Fame,
 “ My Ancestors obscure in Birth and Name,
 “ By Gold ennobl'd, am come here to serve ye
 “ As once I did my Master, that's to starve ye.
 “ E'er I a Representative commence,
 “ I'll make Confession here of all my Sins.
 “ I *Judas* first for my just Pattern took,
 “ Betray'd my Master, and his Cause forsook.

“ This

The Election.

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" This made me rise, as other Courtiers do,
" T' attempt high Crimes, and Villanies pursue.
" Jemmy a special Banker had in me,
" His Coin lay safe as in his Treasury:
" It was no Cheat his Mony to purloin,
" He knew not how, alas, to use his Coin.
" My Breach of Promise is so small a fault,
" That no wise man can ever wonder at.
" But that you might not of my Wit complain,
" I've been a Cheat in e'ery Monarch's Reign.
" When Paper was equivalent to Gold,
" And Paper-Sculls their Paper-Credit fold,
" I by my Cunning and my wise designing
" Soon got the modern Art of Paper-coining.
" These are my Vices; but my Virtues are
" In Fame's just Roll Illustrious and Fair:
" My Charity thro all the Town is known,
" And to my side has all the Rakehels won:
" My Virtues even do the Parsons lurch,
" I am become the Patron of the Church,
" Which is by me with Decency accounted,
" Both on the inside eke and on the outward;

B

" With

" With an harmonious Nest of Whistles too, am I
 " That all the Bagpipes of the Church outdo
 " My Virtues and my Vices being shown
 " Am I not fit to represent your Town
 " Your Sense by publick Vote I pray declare.
 The drinking Mob cried out, *A Czar, a Czar!*

Each honest Voter turn'd on them his A—
 And hissing damn'd the ignominious Farce.
Priso and *Czar* from off the Place retreated,
 Like Brother *Czar* at *Narva* late defeated.
 The Booby Babe pursued the self-same Rule,
 Quitted the Stage, and went again to School.

But now, my Mule, the Noble Theme begin,
 And what delights the Genius of thy Pen,
 Tell to *Augusta's* Sons, the Worth disclose
 Of those good Patriots whom they lately chose.

In front of these the Aged *CLITTO* place,
 A better Man did ne'er the City grace:

Generous and brave, and true in former Time,
When Honesty was thought the highest Crime.
He in the *Oxford* Senate bravely stood,
Like some tall Tree, the Giant of the Wood,
O'ertopping all in Courage and Address,
Invaded Rights and Freedoms to redress;
Brought in a Bill t' exclude a Popish Prince,
The want of which we have lamented since.
And when the Chair he did most justly fill,
And tempted was to serve a Tyrant's Will,
Would not his fellow Citizens disarm,
But boldly did withstand th' impending Storm.
The truest Charity he does bestow;
What one Hand gives, the other does not know.
He ne'er in view his Coffers does unlock,
Or make men tell his Bounty by the Clock;
Did ne'er the Poor for Ostentation treat,
Frauds and Disguises are beneath the Great.
He in the Senate sits unbrib'd, and knows
No Cause but where the Common Interest goes.
He unconcern'd, the dangerous Path does tread,
Where Faction shakes its dire invenom'd Head.

The worst of Interests he has still withstood;
 His Steps were always regular and good.
 And to our City may he always prove
 The truest Successor of mighty Love.

Next him Good *A S T O* to our view appears,
 Matur'd in Worth, tho not decay'd in years.
 He early did his Country's Cause imbrace,
 And oppos'd Villains even to their Face.
 The Charter he would not consent to yield;
 But did defend it in the open Field,
 When perjur'd *Priso* hector'd him and those
 That bravely did his base Designs oppose,
 This Action to his Honour does redound,
 And shall hereafter him with Glory crown.
Alcides thus the hissing Serpents tore,
 With Infant Hands besmear'd with poisonous
 Gore.

And when the Court and Country were at Jars,
 He disingag'd him from the fatal Wars;
 He was the first who did the dangerous
 Profits

The Election.

Profits and Interests freely did resign,
That he might better with his Country join,
The Just can have no separate Design.
Gold never could his Interest ingage,
The common Vice of this polluted Age ;
Whereby they Villains into Office vote,
Such as would cut their King's and Country's Throat.
Laying his other Virtues all aside,
His chiefest Virtue is, his want of Pride ;
Gentle and affable, his Temper's so,
He fears not High men, nor despises Low.

Next *WITHO*, grac'd with Virtue as the rest,
Gain'd the esteem of all the Just and Best.
His Vote is always unto Virtue true ;
He gives to *Cesar*, and to Man his Due :
Severe in Morals, faithful to his Word,
And has the Vices of the Age abhor'd.

METHBAN must next from dark Oblivion
pass,

Methban who looks e'en Envy in the face.

Malice

Malice her self, the darling Child of Hell;
Ne'er yet of him did shameful Stories tell.
Clear as the Sun his Reputation is,
Ne'er said to do a wrong, or act amiss.

Nor now, recounting here such virtuous Men,
Shall the Great PASTOR scape my faithful Pen.
In former days, when Villany took place,
And to be bloody was esteem'd a Grace,
They never could our juster Pastor draw
To cut mens Throats by a pretence of Law.
He rescu'd *Haso* from those cruel Hands
That murder'd Men, and forfeited their Lands;
He sav'd the Hero, and he got a Name
Declares his Worth, as others do their Shame.
He does the Trade of this great Realm advance,
Which will the People's Lands and Wealth enhance.
Worthy the Senate are such Worthies thought,
Who are by Virtue to that Honour brought,
Who enter there like Hero's in the Field,
And loth their native Property to yield,

Bring

The Election.

Bring all their Sons and Kinsmen to the War,
And make 'em of their Toil and Honour share.

Most fam'd *Augusta*! thou in days of yore
Ne'er knew so many Citizens before
Did share the Business of the Commonweal,
And in Affairs of State so much excel:
As if the Nation, conscious of thy State,
Resolv'd to make thee in the Senate Great.

F I N I S.

®
S

And make "out of their Told and Handed Lines
bring all their Told and Handed Lines

Most kind! I wish! I am in days of your
Not know to many Citizens before
Did find the Told of the Common
And in Affairs of State to much excel:
As if the Nation, consistent of the same
Nelson's to make the same same same

F I W I S